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Skitch Henderson and the Tulsa Philharmonic

"Don't let a tight note confuse you. Slower. Really adagio. Take your time."

Skitch Henderson, music director and conductor of the Tulsa Philharmonic Orchestra is holding auditions at Harwelden, the old mansion near downtown that serves as symphony headquarters.

His arms folded, music in front of him on a desk, Henderson listens intently to the young cellist, a perspiring, extremely nervous student.

The student makes a mistake and Henderson cuts in with a calming, "That's a roughie. It sounds easy but it's not."

Throughout the grueling, hours long auditions, Henderson is patience personified. An observer comments, "You seem to have an empathy for young people." Henderson replies, "Somebody had an empathy for me when I started."

Henderson is completing a two-year contract with 10 subscription programs for the 1972-73 season as well as youth concerts and out-of-town programs. Guest artists will include Tammy Grimes, Earl Wild, Berl Senofsky, Birgit Finnila, Gary Graffman, John Browning, Jan Redick and Brent Ellis.

What is Tammy Grimes doing with a symphony orchestra? She will recite poems by Edith Sitwell during a performance of Sir William Walton's *Facade*.

Henderson has not had an easy row to hoe in Tulsa. His appointment touched off howls of protest from those who dismiss him as "an entertainer,

by Joanne Gordon

I

HERALDS OF AUTUMN

Among the first and brightest lures of autumn is the sumac, the kinnikinnick, beloved by early American Indians who crushed its dry bright leaves and mixed them with tobacco for pipe smoking.
Equally beloved by hungry boys, on autumn hunting trips with dad, is the tangy, seed-filled fruit of the persimmon, but beware. Do not taste until after first frost. Before frost persimmons are as bitter as alum. After they have been mellowed and flavored by first frost, these soft, round, cinnamon-brown fruits are delicious.

a TV personality." An associate comments:

"These are the people who think a symphony has to have a conductor with a foreign name. They're music snobs."

In reality, Henderson's credentials are impeccable. He conducted England's Royal Philharmonic, was a guest conductor of the London Symphony, conducted orchestras in Germany and has conducted many major United States symphonies.

His Tulsa experiences are reminiscent of the time in the late 40s that Leonard Bernstein was brushed off as a "personality" — a flash in the pan.

Henderson talked about symphonies.

"In my opinion, they have become big business. In most of them, the eagle is shared between the management and the conductors. This is not only the majors. It's becoming more and more apparent in the metropolitans (Tulsa is a metropolitan orchestra). The business establishment has become almost as important as the music and somehow with efficiency comes chaos."

Henderson laughed ruefully as he recalled his stint with the "Tonight" show.

"I started in broadcasting when you were happy to work and it was fun. I'll never forget the first time a young NBC attorney, probably two years out of Princeton, told us, 'I didn't like what you did.' I had led a very happy, complacent life for years. Now we suddenly were thrust into this great wheel that everything had to be perfect. I love music but very few pros today really enjoy what they're doing because of the business syndrome.

"I'm perfectly comfortable with Dixieland and I'll travel far to hear a good blue grass band. I just guest conducted the San Francisco orchestra and I broke my back to get to some awful saloon to hear Woody Herman's daughter. She has the most fantastic five piece blue grass band I've ever heard."

The Tulsa Symphony, as with all symphonies, ended last season with a deficit, though less than the season before. But Henderson says, "Our greatest victory is the audience. Our 10 concert series for the coming season is sold out."

II

HERALDS OF AUTUMN

Pumpkins, for pies and jack-o-lanterns. This roadside stand is at the state highway 3 intersection south of Laverne. Nearby, some beyond the camera's view, are gourds, heaps of squashes, Indian corn, apples and jugs of cider, all the fruits of autumn.

Along A Country Road

We Oklahomans — most of us, at any rate — suffer from a nagging gaggle of "concurrent symptoms."

Item 1: We like to travel.

Item 2: Come fall we hanker for at least one fine, full-color foliage tour.

Item 3: So we dash off to New England, the Northwoods of Minnesota, or the Colorado Rockies.

Diagnosis: We're victims of the Holy Grail Syndrome.*

Like panting pilgrims through, as they say, time immemorial, we gallop off to distant climes in search of exotic riches, all the time overlooking the half-hidden treasures on our own doorsteps.

As a for instance, let's consider the Geary Slickrock Canyon Scenic Loop along the bend of the Canadian River in southern Blaine County.

Never mind that this happens to be on our particular doorstep. You have, we're sure, one or more similar Holy Grails on your doorstep.

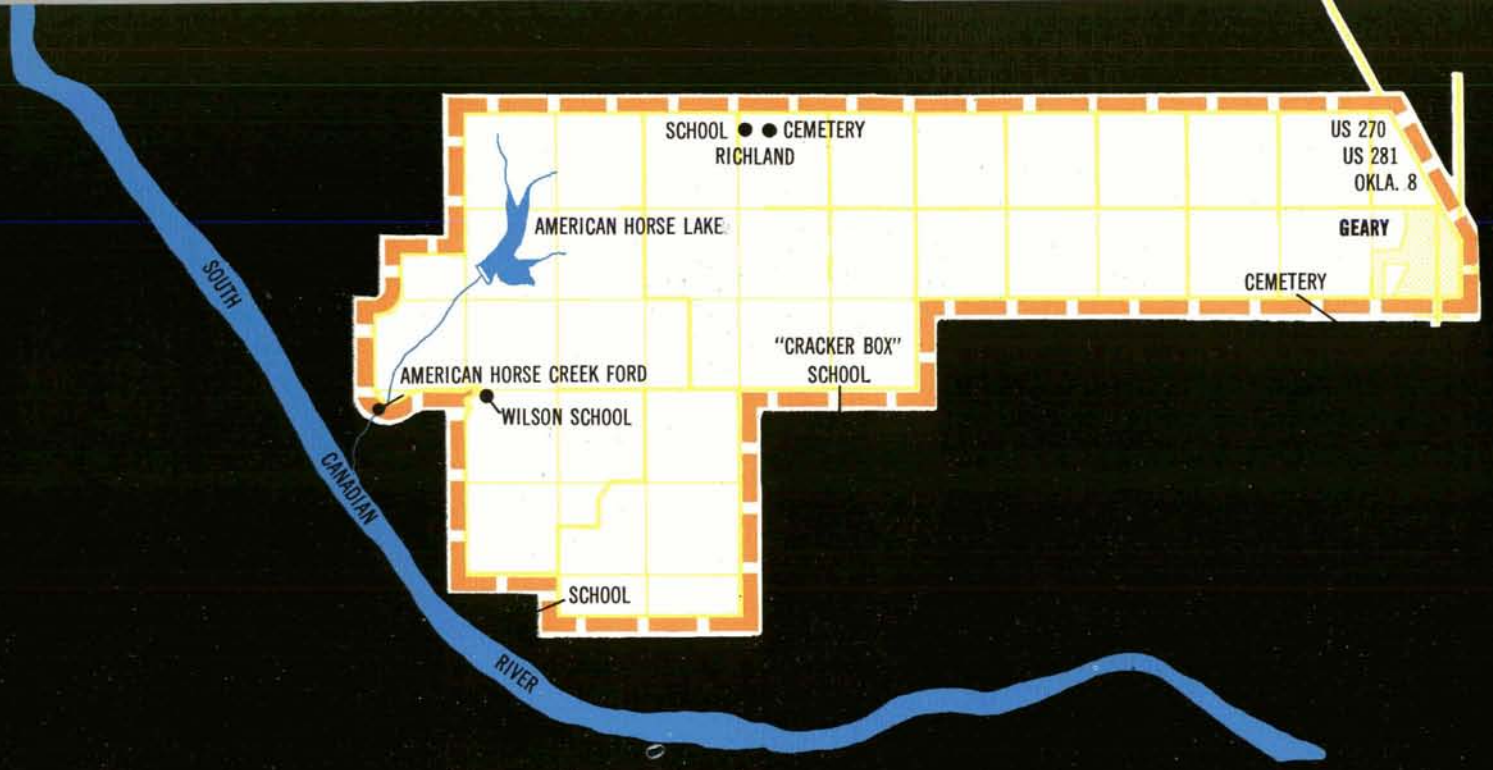
* *Syndrome.* Medical: a group of concurrent symptoms characterizing a disease.

Trouble is, they're so familiar, so close at hand, we tend to ignore them. Rarely do we think of them as the kind of scenic tidbits we like to seek out and enjoy ourselves . . . provided of course they are in another state and require at least two days of hard driving to reach!

But we won't belabor the point. Oklahoma does indeed have dozens of such full-color "grails" awaiting the knowledgeable motorist. And no small part of their total charm lies in the fact that, largely undiscovered, they are relatively uncrowded.

Back now to our Geary Loop, a 35-mile-long affair of asphalt, gravel, sand, and dirt. Here's what it offers the adventuresome sightseer with an afternoon to kill and an eye for the unobtrusive detail.

Fall foliage, of course. Sloping hills of red-and-brown oaks, dotted with green cedars. Roadsides streaked with the brilliant red of sumac. Creek bottoms traced with the bright yellow of towering cottonwoods.



And rich earth tones, too. The deep "Oklahoma!" red of slickrock and its end product, the almost blood-like soil that prompts out-of-state visitors to take back with them a bottled sample, just to prove to unbelieving homefolks that part of the Sooner State is too that red.

Then there's sport. State fishermen are fast discovering American Horse Lake and its out-size catfish. The Wildlife Department facility also has camp and picnic areas, and a rocky canyon to explore.

On the "sporting" side, too: the American Horse Creek ford! But don't worry. It's short, sandy, and safe — just exciting enough to spice the 10-mile unpaved section of the circle.

The Geary Loop also offers scenic overlooks—ridge-top eminences where one must stop for more leisurely inspection.

From the divide between the North and South Canadian Rivers there's a 360-degree panorama that includes a half-dozen towns in four counties.

From another ridge one gets a fine view of the "big" Canadian with its mile-wide sand bed and sheer west-bank bluffs. And of the curiously shaped rock mounds to the south, near Hydro, that were familiar landmarks to 19th century travelers.

Which brings us to history. For these mounds were first noted by the Lt. J. W. Abert Expedition in 1845. There's an Oklahoma Historical Society camp site marker on the loop.

Unmarked is the route of the famed Santa Fe trader Josiah Gregg, who passed through here in 1839. Curiously enough, he noted the "speckled trout" (probably bass, say the experts) in a "limpid pool" he named Spring River. Spring Lake is still marked on some maps, a few miles off the Geary Loop.

More recent history is noted, too, if informally. There are abandoned schoolhouses like "Cracker Box" (where the Blaine County Wolfhunters Association now meets), Wilson (held up largely by stored hay) and Richland, its age blackened walls and adjoining cemetery antedating Geary by a half-dozen years.

And picturesque, long-deserted ranches, their tumbled-in buildings and rotted corrals giving little indication of the importance (and, in some cases, notoriety) of one-time owners.

But there are signs of affluence, too. Oil wells and registered cattle herds, for example.

The bedecked retreat of a refugee from the city, seeking clean air and a view. And a ranch with a paved landing strip for drop-in visitors from the entertainment world.

All this and pure unadulterated fall color, too?

That's right. A foliage tour, plus.

The Geary Slickrock Canyon Scenic Tour. And just a few minutes off Interstate 40.

Try it.

Oh, yes. It's also interesting in April when the redbud is in full bloom.

By Kent Ruth

GRAN

LUCHA TAURINO-HUMANA

Mañana á las 4 de la tarde

En la Plaza de "EL TOREO"

Permitiéndolo la Autoridad

PICKETT

EL FEROZ FENOMENO NEGRO DE OKLAHOMA, sin armas, sin ayuda y á cuerpo limpio luchará durante QUINCE MINUTOS con

"BONITO"

el Toro de más poder y bravura que ha pisado los redondeles de la República

¿Saldrá con vida este hombre temerario?

Segun todos los aficionados al arte taurino será muerto irremisiblemente. Ademas de este acto de sumo interés se dara al mismo tiempo la funcion entera del circo.

MILLER BROTHERS 101 RANCH WILD WEST

que diariamente se esta presentando en el

PASEO DE LA REFORMA á las 4 de la Tarde y á las 8.45 de la Noche

Los precios de entrada para esta GRAN NOVEDAD seran los siguientes

Entrada general de sombra	$ 1 00	Entrada general de sol	$ 0 25
Barreras 1a. fila	2 00	Barreras de 1a. fila	0 50
Barreras 2a. fila	2 00	Barreras de 2a. fila	0 45
Barrera 3a. fila	1 75	Barreras de 3a. fila	0 40
Barreras 4a. fila	1 50	Barreras de 4a. fila	0 35
Primera fila de tendido	1 25	Barreras de 5a. fila	0 30
Palcos de tendido con 4 asientos	8 00		
Lumbreras con 8 asientos	12 00		

Advertisement in the Mexico City newspaper El Diario, *on December 24, 1908.* *(Translation on page 14).* *The complete account of Bill Pickett's encounter with this fighting bull may be found in the Autumn '67 issue of* Oklahoma Today.

GRAND
HUMAN TAURINE STRUGGLE
Tomorrow at 4 in the afternoon
In the Plaza "EL TOREO"

The authorities permitting

PICKETT
THE FIERCE PHENOMENAL BLACK FROM OKLAHOMA,
unarmed, without help or bodily protection
will struggle during fifteen minutes with
''BONITO''
The Bull of the most power and bravery
that has trod the bull rings of the Republic.
Will this fearless man come out alive?
According to all enthusiasts of the taurine art
his death is inevitable.
In addition to this act of supreme interest
the circus will be performed.
MILLER BROTHERS 101 RANCH WILD WEST
being presented daily on the
PASEO DE LA REFORMA
at 4 in the afternoon and 8:45 at night

BILL PICKETT

The citation for 1972 honoree of the National Rodeo Hall of Fame Bill Pickett states:

> *Bill Pickett's name has become immortal in rodeo as the originator of the major rodeo sport of steer wrestling, which was originally called "bulldogging," and obtained that name from the manner in which Bill Pickett learned to throw a steer to the ground.*
> *Bill Pickett was born in Travis County, Texas, on December 5, 1870, where he grew to manhood. "Bulldogging" was originated quite by accident. This account is a statement from Pickett himself: he was loading steers into a railroad car at Taylor, Texas; one steer kept turning back, so Bill grabbed him by the horns and bit the steer's upper lip to hold him and the steer fell on its side. Pickett gave this much thought. He eventually developed this technique and began jumping from a horse to catch the steer's horns. In 1905 he was hired by the Miller Brothers 101 ranch near Ponca City, Oklahoma, and performed his bulldogging act for them in the United States, Mexico, Canada, England, and South America."*

Bill Pickett rode for the 101 for more than a quarter of a century. He was killed by a 101 ranch bronc in 1932.

THE ARTIST

This impressive portrait of Bill Pickett was painted by Fred Olds. It is one of a series of portraits of famed pioneers and Indian chieftains painted by this distinguished western Oklahoma artist.

We are fortunate that Fred is a member of the art faculty at Southwestern State College, Weatherford. Among his many "one-man shows" was one this summer at the Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City. His paintings hang in private collections in the United States and in Europe.

An interesting anecdote involves Fred's recent use of his portrait technique for the Weatherford police. It was a practical project. The officers asked Fred if he could sketch an unknown bandit from the victim's description. Fred said he could sure try. He did. And when the police caught the bandit he looked just like the sketch Fred had drawn from the holdup victims description.

Fred's artistic enthusiasm includes not only portraits of historic westerners, frontiersmen, and chiefs, but historic frontier happenings, recreated on canvas from oldtimers' tales and from published accounts. He is creating a valuable body of documented historical art.

OKLAHOMA HOSTS THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF LIEUTENANT GOVERNORS

"This conference will go down as the greatest hospitality week in the history of Oklahoma," Gov. David Hall said of the 11th Annual Convention of the nation's Lieutenant Governors at Lake Eufaula's Fountainhead Lodge this summer.

Oklahoma Lieutenant Governor George Nigh and his staff rolled out the red carpet for 36 of the nation's seconds-in-command during the four-day conference. Mornings and afternoons were devoted to business. Late afternoons and evenings were devoted to relaxation in the Sooner fashion, and each of the visitors went away with the feeling that "Oklahoma is a great place."

Business meetings varied in theme, and near the end of the conference a number of resolutions were offered. Eighteen proposals were offered by various Lieutenant Governors ranging from welfare reform to interstate highway construction. After discussion of the proposal that the minimum age for state representatives be reduced to the age of majority in each state, Lieutenant Governor Nigh joined with the majority to defeat this recommendation. The conference recommended more power to compel errant fathers to pay child support. By a split vote, they approved a tax credit to parents who send their children to private schools.

Members elected Thomas L. Judge, Montana Democrat, their new chairman. Other incoming officers are Ed Reinecke, California Republican, vice chairman; Donald R. Dwight, Massachusetts Republican, vice-chairman of the Eastern Division; Blair Lee III, Maryland Democrat, vice chairman of the Southern Division; Martin J. Schreiber, Wisconsin Democrat, vice-

BY HUGH SCOTT

chairman of the Midwestern Division, and William C. Jacquin, Arizona Republican, vice-chairman of the Western Division.

For entertainment, the first evening's trip was to the Italian restaurants at Krebs, sponsored by the McAlester Civic Clubs. On the second evening the visitors were taken to a western dinner at Western Hills Lodge, then to the Tsa-la-gi Cherokee Indian Village and Drama at Tahlequah. Sponsored by the Green Country organization, Tsa-la-gi prompted immediate and positive response.

"I never knew the Indians were so civilized."

"I was surprised to learn of the division within the Cherokee tribe during the Civil War."

"It was a surprise to me to learn that there were so many strong leaders among the Cherokees."

It is natural to compare Oklahoma with one's own state and John Garrison, aide to Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson of New York, expressed surprise and interest in the amount of water seen on their Oklahoma tours.

"And the people are so friendly!"

The Lieutenant Governors were made "Admirals for a Day" by the Oklahoma Houseboat Association. The O.H.A. provided each Lieutenant Governor with a houseboat bearing the name of his state and his state flag.

"We were very pleased with this," Lieutenant Governor Nigh said. "The Association arranged that each floating abode had something typical of the state it represented."

A picnic on the third evening was provided by the Lake Eufaula Association.

The International Parachute Competition was in progress at Tahlequah during the conference. Parachutists brought ohs and ahs from the crowd during the dinner at Western Hills when three jumpers bailed out and landed near the picnic scene. On the final afternoon of the conference jumpers, while falling through the air, held hands to form the letter "O" in honor of Oklahoma, then shifted into an "I" in tribute to Iowa Lieutenant Governor Jepsen, current chairman of the organization.

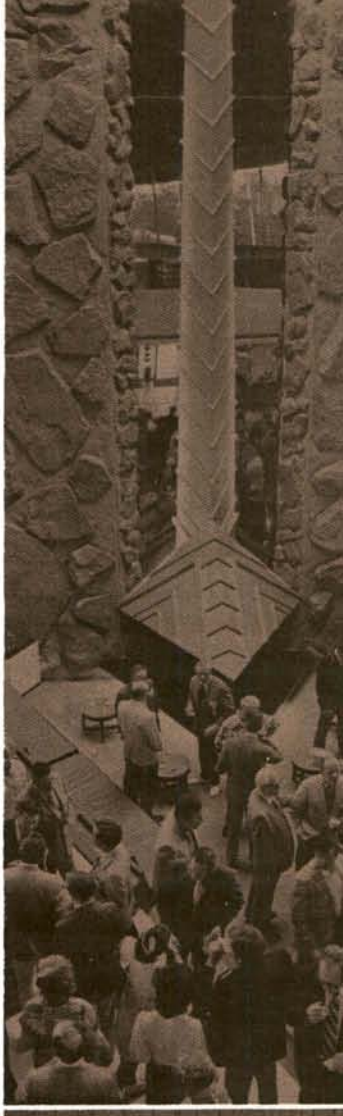
During the conference each of the Lieutenant Governors was photographed on motion picture film which was then air mailed to their hometown TV station. They were interviewed on audio tape for "back home" radio stations, and a picture made in Indian headdress for newspapers.

Mrs. Thyra Thomson, Wyoming Secretary of State, attended the meeting. Holding the nation's highest elective state office for women, she was first elected in 1962 and has been re-elected since. She is first in line of succession to the governor, serves as Securities Administrator and on several policy-making boards.

Special entertainment was provided for children of the members of the conference. Neuman Industries of Miami provided boats for water skiing. The Oklahoma Cosmetology Association was on hand to help the ladies look beautiful.

Maryland's Governor Marvin Mandel gave the keynote speech at the State Dinner on the final night of the conference. He stressed the importance of the role of Lieutenant Governor. Mandel was accompanied by members of the Maryland State Police wearing space-age type radios. With a hearing-aid device in an ear and a wire down an arm under the shirt sleeve to a radio on the wrist, they could send or receive, which prompted a youngster to say of one, "Hey, look, he's talking to his hand."

Conference host Lieutenant Governor Nigh said that this event will serve as a springboard for an intensified effort to bring conventions to Oklahoma. "The Tourism and Recreation Department is going after national conventions for the Oklahoma City Myriad, the Tulsa Convention Center or anywhere else in Oklahoma. Our delegates came from as far away as Hawaii and the Virgin Islands."



A WILL ROGERS' EYE VIEW OF OKLAHOMA

BY REBA COLLINS

"Anybody here from Claremore?"

When the drawling voice sang out this greeting in Tokyo or Rome or Timbuktu nobody had to ask, "Claremore, where?" Or "Who's that man wearing the shiny blue serge suit and the big grin?"

Everyone knew at once it was America's unofficial ambassador to the world—Will Rogers. And that "Claremore" was synonymous with Oklahoma.

Of course, Will was born on the big Rogers ranch near Oologah. But by the time his name started hitting the top of the show bills, Clem Rogers, Will's dad, was one of Claremore's leading citizens. So the younger Rogers called it home.

Comments he slipped in about his native state were as much a part of the Rogers humor as his rope and chewing gum. Audiences around the world heard more about Oklahoma than any other state in the nation.

Whatever story he was telling on stage or in his newspaper columns, Will usually managed to work Oklahoma in someplace.

He traveled over Europe in 1926 and had an appointment to see Mussolini. Will was determined to get a chuckle out of the dictator, in spite of warnings to be serious.

> *I had asked people, but no one had ever had the nerve to try him out on anything less than a world problem . . . Well, I says, "Come on, Claremore, les see what Rome has got . . . Get your lions ready for a foot race, in case I displease . . . Well, I come in a-grinning. I thought he has got to be a pretty tough Guy if he don't grin with you.*

The dictator, like folks everywhere, did greet him with a grin.

Rome, Will claimed, might be the "seat of culture, but somebody stole the chair."

> *They live there in Rome amongst what used to be called Culture, but that don't mean a thing. Men in Washington . . . live where Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton lived, but as far as the good it does them, they just as well have the Capitol down at Claremore—and, by the way, I doubt if Claremore would take it; there is a Town that has never had a setback.*

Writing about the historical but much "overrated" Tiber River, Will said:

> *Old-time History don't say a word about the Arkansaw or the South Canadian or Grand River or the Verdigris, and here this Tiber couldent be a tributary to one of these.*

From Europe he wrote an open letter to "His Majesty the president of the northern part of the United States"—Calvin Coolidge—inviting him to take a vacation from worrying about the Farmers, Al Smith and other Democrats, and come to Oklahoma to fish in the Verdigris where "we got some of the best Buffalo Catfish in the world."

Writing in the early twenties—nearly 50 years before it would become a reality—Will Rogers was stump-

Will Rogers Birthplace, in Will Rogers State Park, on Lake Oologah.

ing for a port in his home country. He chided Congress for appropriating $56 million for rivers and harbors in places nobody had ever heard of.

> *Now I am off my Senators from Oklahoma, especially Robert Owen, who is part Cherokee Indian like myself (and as proud of it as I am) . . . Owen don't do a thing to get me a Harbor on the Verdigris . . .*
>
> *If they haven't got enough water in there to fill the harbour, why, we will have to ask all the neighbors to drain their Corn Liquor from their stills in there for a couple of days. Then we could float the Leviathan.*
>
> *Of course I don't get anything done for my Harbor because my River really exists.*

In his little book called *Prohibition* published in 1919, Will told the newly-dry nation about bootlegging in his home state.

> *They talk of shipping it in dry territory in coffins. Why my state of Oklahoma did that years ago, the way they got on to them was, There had been more bodies shipped to this town than the combined population of the whole state. One man got rich breaking up the coffins and selling the lumber as a by-product.*
> *Now the bootleggers use aeroplanes to bring it in. The town marshal of my home in Claremore, Oklahoma, is rated as the leading Ace, he has brought down over 3000 quarts.*

Sometimes the humorist devotes a whole article to his "hometown." In 1923, readers across the nation learned about the "Real Fountain of Youth"—the miracle waters of Cat Creek at Claremore. He told the few "low-brows" who might not know how to get there;

> *You bear a little south of west, after leaving New York, till you reach Sol McClellan's place, which is the outskirts of Claremore . . .*
> *Approaching this City from the North, don't get it confused with Oologah, Oklahoma, my original birthplace, which is 12 miles to the north, as both towns have Post Offices.*

To scoffers who might say, "Oh, you boost it because you live there," Will said he would not stoop so low as to misguide a sick person. "We don't need you that bad." In fact the city was already "on a self-supporting basis" just by selling the magic waters to Hot Springs and other famous spas.

Giving a personal testimonial of what the miracle waters had done for him Will said,

> *I was practically Tongue tied and couldn't speak out in private much less in public. Well, after 12 baths, I was able to go to New York and make after dinner speeches.*
>
> *. . . Now, had I taken 24 baths I would have been a politician, so you see I stopped just in time.*

In one of his earliest columns published by the New York Times in 1923, Will began:

> *Well this week just passed has been pretty busy in New York. It looked like my home town of Claremore, Oklahoma on a Saturday afternoon.*

Writing of the rage of the new rich in the twenties for more elaborate bathrooms in their homes, Rogers contrasted this with the Saturday Night Bath back home.

> *In those days, the old Kitchen Stove was kept hot after supper. And not only the Tea Kettle was filled but other Pots and Pans, and the Family Wash Tub was dragged up by the Fire, and you went out to the Well and helped your Pa draw some water to mix with that hot. While you was doing that, your ma, if you stayed Lucky and had a ma up to then, was getting out all the clean Clothes and a fixing the Buttons, and a laying out the schedule of who was to be first . . . and she found dirt behind, and in, your Ears that all the highfaluting Fixtures in the World can't find today.*
> *Now that was an event. It meant something. It brought you closer together.*

Home remedy for "the bellyache" (anything that hurt you from the lower end of your neck on down as far as your hips) was described in his little book, "Ether and Me":

> *They just built a fire in the old kitchen stove and heated one of the old round flat kitchen stove lids—*
> *Well, the heat from one of those stove lids burned you so you soon forgot where you were hurting.*

Relating a tale of his first attempt to get a passport, Will said:

> *. . . in the early days of the Indian Territory where I was born there was no such things as birth certificates. You being there was*

certificate enough. We generally took it for granted if you were there you must have at some time been born . . .

Crossing the country in 1924, on his way from California to New York to rejoin Ziegfeld's Follies, Will dropped off for a few days at home where, he explained, people "know me as 'Willie Uncle Clem Rogers' boy who wouldn't go to school but just kept running around the Country throwing a Rope' . . ."

They are my real friends and when no one else will want to hear my measly old Jokes, I want to go home. It won't make no difference to them.

In one of his radio speeches in 1920, Will talked about President Herbert Hoover. Left an orphan, the young Hoover had lived for awhile with an uncle in Pawhuska. Explaining for his listeners, Will said:

Pawhuska, to give you an idea—now of course maybe you never heard of it—Pawhuska is just fifty-five miles from Claremore, and he used to come to Claremore. People from Tulsa did, too. Pawhuska and Tulsa people used to come over to Claremore to find out what time it was. We had a clock there.

It was his association "with these fine people that he met down in that country" that formed Mr. Hoover's fine character, Rogers claimed.

Will never laid claim to culture or formal education. He turned down all offers of honorary degrees, including one for a Doctor of Laws degree offered by Oklahoma City University in 1931.

Writing to the Daily Oklahoman—and for his newspaper audience all over the country—Will said,

What are you trying to do, make a joke out of college degrees? They are in bad enough repute as it is, with out handing em around to comedians . . . I got too much respect for people that work and earn em, to see em handed around to every notorious character. I will let Oologah Kindergarten give me one, D.A. (Doctor of Applesauce).

Although he was entertained in some of the finest homes in the world and made after-dinner speeches in many of the fanciest hotels in the country, Will never found food to equal good old home cooking.

After a visit in Chelsea in 1921 with his sister Sallie—Mrs. Tom McSpadden—he couldn't resist letting his millions of readers in on the eating;

Beans, and what beans, kinder soupy navy beans soaked with plenty of real meat fat. Well when I cant knock off a whole bowl of those myself, why I am sick before I start. And then the Ham, fried ham; they cure their own ham. Tom McSpadden my Brother in Law, he is a prize ham curer of any I ever saw. Smokes em with old hickory log fire, then salts em away for all this time. Then the cooking of all this has got a lot to do with it. Sallie fixes it all up when I get home.

Then the cream gravy . . . Why not to be raised on gravy would be like never going swimming in the creek . . . Ham gravy is just about the last word in gravys. Course good beefsteak gravy is good . . . A good old home cook can mix up a tasty batch of gravy just about out of anything. No, sir, the old city eaters missed some mighty fine grub when they dont take advantage of making gravy one of their regular dishes at every meal.

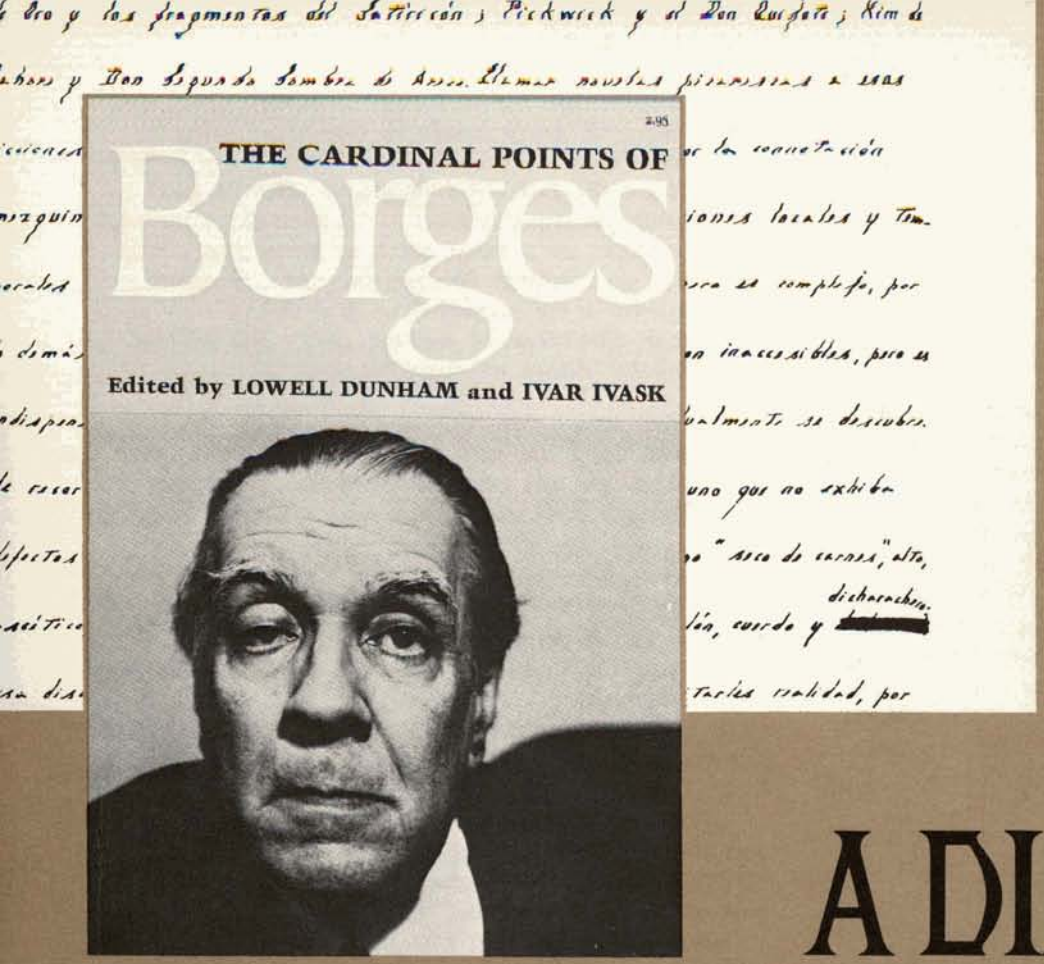
Now then comes the corn bread . . .
You see I am just telling you my dishes that they have when I come . . . Beans, cornbread, country ham, and gravy and then just raw onions . . .
Then for desert? Dont have room for any desert. Had any more room would eat some more beans.

The Rogers brand of humor was always based on truth. And his audiences knew it. Even though they might chuckle and laugh, repeat the jokes, then chuckle again over coffee or beer or a cocktail the next day, they saw the truth behind the jokes. That was the real secret to his humor.

Once in a while he spoke or wrote truth with a tear in his eye—plain, unvarnished truth, about someone near to him, about home. Then folks knew there was real love behind his jokes about home.

One article written in May, 1925, comes as close to telling how he really felt about home and the homefolks as any you'll ever find. It just about says it all.

Today, as I write this, I am not in the Follies, the carefree Comedian who jokes about everything. I am out in Oklahoma, among my people, my Cherokee people, who dont expect a laugh for everything I say. Back home, at the funeral of my Sister.
She and my other sister started in this little Western Town—Chelsea, Oklahoma—some 35 years ago . . .
After all, there is nothing in the world like home. You can roam all over the world, but after all, it's what the people at home think of you that really counts. I have just today witnessed a Funeral that for real sorrow and real affection I don't think will ever be surpassed anywhere. They came in every mode of conveyance, on foot, in Buggies, Horseback, Wagons, Cars, and Trains, and there wasn't a Soul there that come that she hadn't helped or favored at one time or another.
Some uninformed newspapers printed "Mrs. C. L. Lane sister of the famous Comedian, Will Rogers," They were greatly misinformed. It's the other way around. I am the brother of Mrs. C. L. Lane, "The Friend of Humanity." And all of the honors that I could ever in my wildest dreams hope to reach, would never equal the honor paid on a little western Prairie hilltop, among her people, to Maud Lane. If they will love me like that at the finish, my life will not have been in vain.



PHILO
P
FOREIGN

A DISTINGUI

BY CLARA CHÁVEZ

Through a unique program at the University of Oklahoma, the names and faces of outstanding literary men and women have become extraordinarily ordinary to faculty and students in the modern language department.

In 1965, the modern languauge department in cooperation with the international quarterly, *Books Abroad,* established a series of distinguished visiting writers and professors who lecture on their own works or on the works of others.

Ana Maria Matute, first in the series, is a Spanish novelist whose works have won the most important literary prizes. Born in Barcelona in 1926, Miss Matute published her first novel in 1947. Since then, she has established her reputation as a writer whose works are worthy of translation into several languages. Ann Maria Matute returned to the O.U. campus in 1966 and again in 1969.

Julian Marias, member of the Spanish Royal Academy, made his first appearance at O.U. in 1965, the same year which marked Matute's first visit. Marias was a student of Spain's foremost philosopher, José Ortega y Gasset. A philosopher in his own right, Marias lectured on philosophy as well as on various apects of Spanish literature. He has been a frequent visitor at O.U.

In 1968, Jorge Guillén visited the university on the occasion of his 75th birthday. Scholars from all over the U.S. gathered in Norman to honor the Castilian poet. Aside from writing poetry Guillén has lectured at the Sorbonne, at Oxford University, in Canada, the United States, Mexico, Colombia, and Puerto Rico. Among the many poetry awards he has received is the Grand Prix International de Poésie, awarded in 1961.

Spanish novelist Ana
Oklahoma

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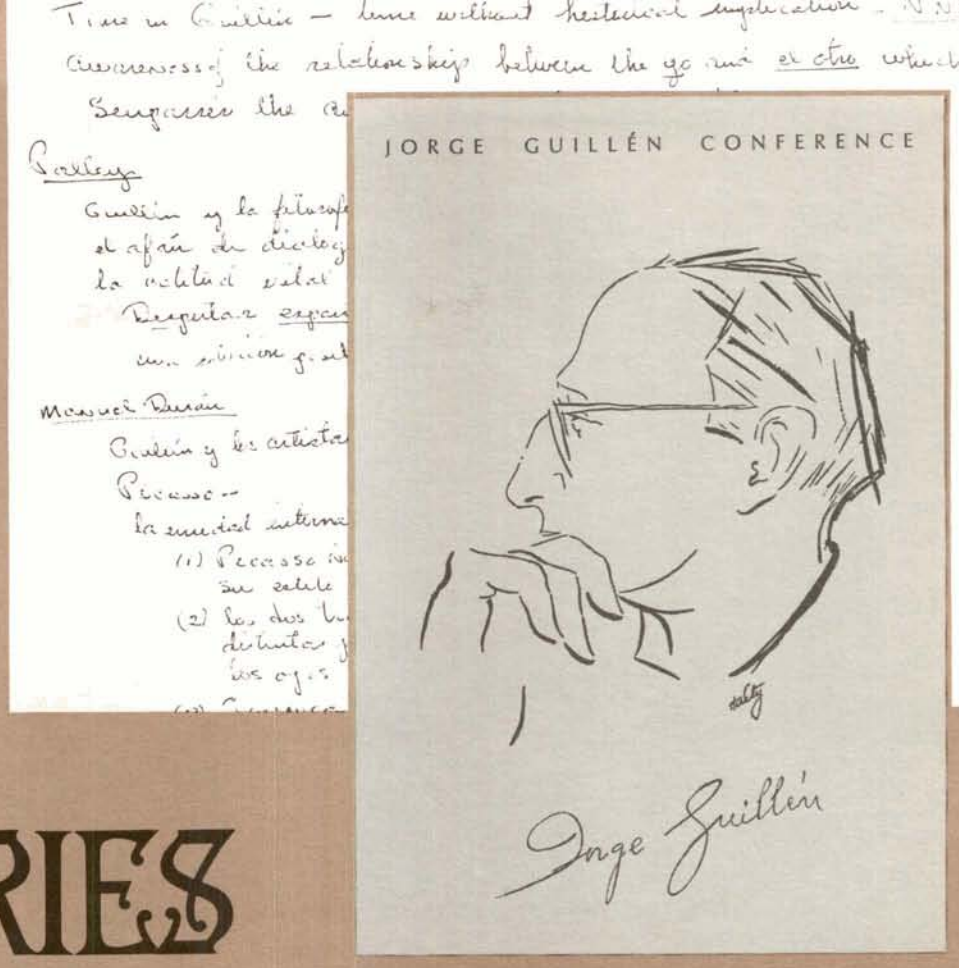


te enjoys an outing in Mountains.

The Argentinian writer and poet, Jorge Luis Borges, followed in 1969. He delivered a series of lectures on the theme *The Literature of Argentina.* At the conclusion of the lectures, scholars from many universities again convened at O.U. to pay homage to one of the greatest South American writers of our time. At the symposium, which honored the 70-year-old Borges, specialists read papers on his writings.

A French novelist, Michel Butor, visited the university in the spring of 1971. A graduate of the University of Paris, Butor has taught in Egypt, Switzerland, France, and the United States. While at O.U. he delivered a series of lectures on the novel as it is today.

In the fall of 1971, the department of modern languages and *Books Abroad* selected the Mexican poet and essayist, Octavio Paz, to be honored in the third conference dedicated to writers of the Hispanic world. Prior to the conference, Paz delivered a series of lectures on modern Spanish American poetry. The conference, this time an international event, paid tribute to this writer, who served as Mexican Ambassador to India from 1962-68. Paz, professor of poetry at Harvard in 1971-72, has in the past thirty-five years become a figure of world literature.

Seminal ingredients of the program were sown by Dr. James Abbott, of the O.U. modern language faculty, during his sabbatical leave spent in Europe, where he met some of these authors. On Dr. Abbott's return the program was enthusiastically implemented by department head Dr. Lowell Dunham, with equally enthusiastic cooperation from O.U.'s Ivar Ivask, editor of the quarterly O.U. publication *Books Abroad.*

Scheduled to appear at the University of Oklahoma in the spring of 1973 is Damaso Alonso, poet and president of the Spanish Royal Academy, Madrid, Spain.

OUR GALLOPING GOURMET

ginger

BY HILARY HEMINGWAY

Ginger chewed on a welcome mat she wasn't welcome to chew on, and I snatched it protectively inside the kitchen door.

"Mom, how come you always hate our dogs?" asked my youngest son.

"Always," repeated the oldest, shaking his head sadly. "How come?"

I, the mom, the heavy, banged a resentful hand on the table. "I do not *always* hate your dogs!" But their silent, moody attention to supper said differently. "Unfair!" I cried. "I wish you kids would not *always* keep that black hat parked on my head!"

False rumors run downhill from the oldest child and gather lots of excess lore tumbling darkly from brother to brother.

If *once* they went to school with a lunch of dry peanut butter on stale bread and a rotten banana, pitifully, into their 13th and 14th years, they will tell how they *always* got lunches of dry peanut butter on stale bread and a rotten banana.

Resentfully, into their 18th and 19th years, they will recall how all the other kids had a luxurious diet of ham sandwiches, potato chips and cup cakes.

I did not *always* hate their dogs. *Once* I disowned a little brown dog who chewed up eight of our 13 chickens. A choosy little fellow, he liked only brown ones. He had to go.

Our farm was five miles from the police station which provided a shelter for unwanted pets. I made the trip accompanied by a blubbery litany of lament. "Mom, just give Pal a chance!"

"He'll find a home here in town."

"Let him loose."

"Please!"

"Everybody in town lets their dogs loose on us and *we* take care of them!"

How true, I thought. So I let Pal loose. No station wagon going uphill could out-distance that little brown dog. At least not with four cheering boosters hanging out the tailgate. "C'mon, boy, c'mon! You'll make it, boy, run!"

He made it.

Whipped, I stopped on the hill, let down the tailgate and Pal jumped in for a rousing team welcome. The big bad villain was foiled again. We went home.

With no more brown chickens to bite, Pal (no pal of mine) took a disgusted look at our leftover white chickens and four-footed a section south where he knocked off several of my neighbor's brown chickens.

She shot him. But *I* got to wear the big black hat. Stuck, like the dry peanut butter on stale bread and a rotten banana, was the thought that I *always* hated their pets. Somehow, they concluded if I had liked Pal in the first place, all this would never have happened.

Never mind that they still had four other strays, named after their conditions when they came to us. They still had Scabs, Skinny Ribs, Old Dirty, and Putrid. Mind you, it was mom who hauled the huge bags of dog food that restored their health and glossy coats. Those flourishing dogs should have been renamed Shiny, Fats, Sparkly and Chanel Number 5. But no. Pal was gone and it was all my fault. I vowed never again to play the heavy over a delinquent dog.

When we moved to the city a year later I was relieved to learn that the children understood we couldn't have four big dogs in one small backyard. Good homes were found for the quartet and for once I didn't feel the weight of that black hat.

Besides, my husband and I promised them a new *small* dog. We kept the promise the day he brought home an adorable puppy with a wet nose and tiny brown feet all rolled into a huggable armful. My husband held his hand close to the ground. "I saw the dog's mother and I picked her smallest pup!"

After a few days to observe the pup's emerging personality, and after a few teeth marks in a few fingers, we named her Gingersnap, shortened eventually to Ginger.

Ginger thrived that spring. We took her picture against our newly planted two-feet-nothing trees and the trees were taller. But in no time, she dwarfed the trees, and I didn't know if it was because she grew so fast or because she kept chewing off the tops of the trees.

But no matter. Everyone loved Ginger. We were safe and legal from the dog catcher who nosily circled the neighborhood. She had shots, she had tags and she lived happily in the fenced back yard.

We took Ginger with us nearly everywhere that summer. No longer a cuddly bundle, she spread over the back seat like Cleopatra on her chaise. We didn't understand it. Her mother had been a little dog and the owner jokingly told us that the father had been a "high fence jumper."

That owner wasn't kidding. The first time we saw Ginger's belly wiggling across our five foot fence we were astonished. The first time we saw her come sprawling over our neighbor's six foot fence we were worried. The first time she sailed over a seven footer, we understood, we understood!

Ginger was a whippet, a small greyhound.

The kids in the neighborhood started calling her Superginger. She could leap the highest fences. She could and did out race all the motorcycles on the street and she could and did raise dour eyebrows on the dog catcher.

Everyone knows dog catchers are just ordinary people doing their jobs. But there is a little trumpet of joy that blows inside every little boy when, in the line of duty, he is outwitted, outrun, and frustrated.

It was a cheerless winter's day with no kids in sight the first time the dog catcher got out of his truck and crooked a sly finger at Ginger. Instantly, a half dozen allies tore out of their houses and yelled directions.

"Jump the fence, Ginger, jump!" Ginger jumped behind the nearest fence and stood there looking innocent. The man got in his truck. Gin-

ger leapt out and chased him down the street. When he stopped, Ginger leapt the next nearest fence and resumed the innocent pose.

The dog catcher stopped by the house and I received his not so friendly warning. We bought Ginger a chain. Now it was her turn to be frustrated. Accustomed to helping herself from all the other dogs' food in the neighborhood, she now grumpily ate our redwood patio furniture. She had become a regular garbage can gourmet (and many a neighbor's garbage did I go out in the cold and rain to clean up). Now she had nothing but the clothes on the line and the fore-shortened pecan trees to pick on.

Ginger was unhappy. There was nothing to do but drag her chain until the school bus turned out its load of frolicking kids. Poor Ginger cried and begged to be let loose, mingling her moans with those of the children who promised to "watch her every minute."

Though worried, I gave in. I wasn't worried enough to want that black hat again. But getting the chain off after a day's imprisonment went speedily to Ginger's leaping legs. It was impossible for the children to "watch her every minute." Who could watch a speeding bullet?

As the winter deepened we began keeping her indoors, in the laundry room. Once I left the dryer door open. Ginger nibbled a whole load of school clothes. We tried the den. Ginger took all but the bare boards and nails off the arms of the couch. The couch was old, but I had new, extremely expensive drapes. The salesman who sold them to me must have been made "Salesman of the Month." Maybe even of the Year! I was sentenced to live with those drapes for 99 years to make up for the money I'd spent, and was terrified that Ginger might taste them. But she didn't. Snagging long runners in the carpeting was much more entertaining.

In the meantime, out of the mouths of babes came truth. "My daddy says if your dog gets in our yard one more time, he's going to shoot her," a lisping five-year-old told me.

What to do?

My husband decided the day he cleaned up all the foam rubber from a patio chaise cushion. It took several days to find the right place, but at last Ginger was free to roam. In the new home my husband found for her Ginger could jump over all the cattle guards on 80 acres. I'd even saved her from being shot. Certainly no one could blame me this time.

But someone did. Not two hours after Ginger left town, the doorbell rang. The helmeted, uniformed policeman rooted there was determined to serve a summons on me even though we no longer owned the dog. The summons was not addressed to the children or the man of the house, but to *me*. I would get to tell it to the judge.

"What's the use of trying to do the right thing?" I thought as I abandoned a half-cooked dinner in order to get to court.

"Guilty," I sighed when the accusation was read to me.

"Do you have anything to say?" asked the judge in a kindly way. I swallowed. Did I?

There were murmurs of laughter around the courtroom as I told my sad story, but law was law. "Ten dollars, please. Sign here. Next case."

Now I'd met the judge of the month, I thought moodily as I drove home wondering about the half-baked dinner.

It was finished. Like the first time we saw Ginger leap a fence, it was astonishing! The table was set and the boys were waiting for "poor mom" who had to go to court on account of Ginger. What if they'd put her in jail?

I brightened. Did this mean I wasn't going to get the black hat? Because once I'd fixed a lunch of dry peanut butter on stale bread and a rotten banana? Did my welcome home mean that I didn't *always* do those terrible things?

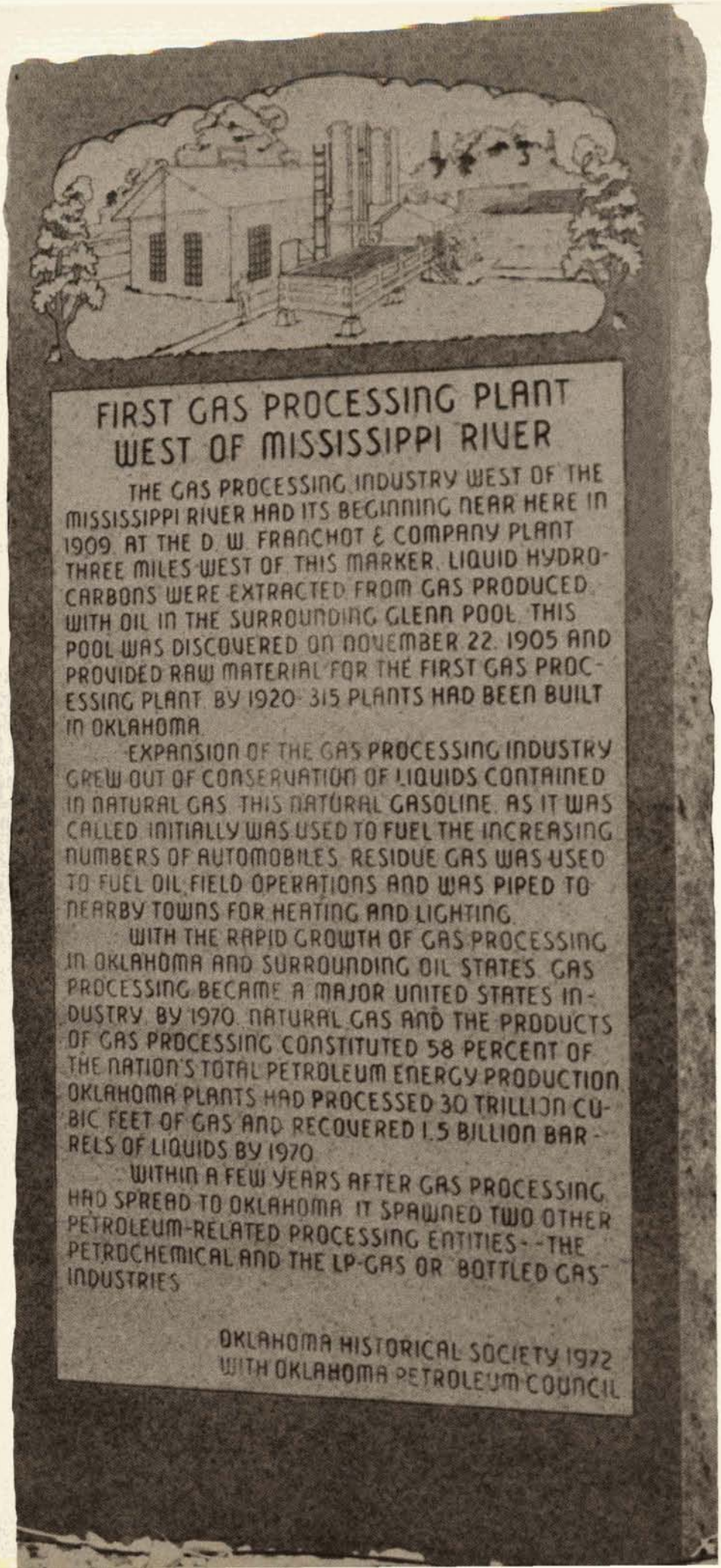
Yes. Thank you, Ginger. To get rid of that black hat would have been worth a bite of the drapes. I hope you make it over the moon one of these days.

Oct. 1—22 "How the Other Half Loves" (Gaslight) . . . Tulsa
Oct. 2 Shrine Day Celebration . . . Eufaula
Oct. 3—8 "The Innocents" (OU) . . . Norman
Oct. 4—7 Choctaw County Fair . . . Hugo
Oct. 5 "Poco" Rock Group . . . Okla. City
Oct. 5 Longhorn Roundup and Sale . . . Cache
Oct. 5—7 Lake Texoma Assn. Fish Bowl . . . Madill
Oct. 5—7 "J.B." (ORU) . . . Tulsa
Oct.5,7,12,14 "Morning, Noon and Night" (Living Arts) . . . Tulsa
Oct. 5—27 Milfred Zornes Workshop and Art Exhibit . . . Okla. City
Oct. 6—7 Arts and Crafts Show . . . Bixby
Oct. 6—8 National Gun Show . . . Bristow
Oct. 6—8 Arts and Crafts Show . . . Drumright
Oct. 6—8 "Never Too Late" (Jewel Box) . . . Okla. City
Oct. 6—21 "The Best Man" (Little Theatre) . . . Tulsa
Oct. 7 OSU vs. Missouri (football) . . . Stillwater
Oct. 7 Italian Festival . . . McAlester
Oct. 7 Czech Festival . . . Yukon
Oct. 7 SESC vs. ECSC (football) . . . Durant
Every Sat. "The Drunkard" (Spotlight Theatre) . . . Tulsa
Oct. 7 CSU vs. NWSC (football) . . . Edmond
Oct. 7—8 Rose Show . . . Okla. City
Oct. 8 "Applause" (Municipal Theatre) . . . Tulsa
Oct. 8 All Breed Dog Show . . . Noble
Oct. 10 Historical Day . . . Salina
Oct. 10 ORU vs. Evangel (soccer) . . . Tulsa
Oct. 10 Oklahoma City Symphony . . . Okla. City
Oct. 11—28 "Last of Red Hot Lovers" (Theatre Center) . . . Okla. City
Oct. 12 Oil Progress Day Celebration . . . Drumright
Oct. 13—14 So. Ok. Ind. Assn. Powwow . . . Ardmore
Oct. 13—15 Antique Show . . . Okla. City
Oct. 14 ECSC vs. NESC (football) . . . Ada
Oct. 14 Langston vs. SESC (homecoming-football) . . . Langston
Oct. 14 TU vs. Texas Christian (football) . . . Tulsa
Oct. 14 SESC vs. Langston (football) . . . Durant
Oct. 14 OU vs. Texas (football) . . . Cotton Bowl
Oct. 14 NWSC vs. Panhandle (football-homecoming) . . . Alva
Oct. 14—15 Flower Show . . . Okla. City
Oct. 15 OCU Symphony . . . Okla. City
Oct. 15 Bowling Green String Quartet (Philbrook) . . . Tulsa
Oct. 17 ORU vs. St. Johns (soccer) . . . Tulsa
Oct. 17 Orchestra Concert (CSU) . . . Edmond
Oct. 18—20 O.E.A. Convention . . . Okla. City
Oct. 20—21 Arts Festival . . . Shattuck
Oct. 20—22 Antique Show and Sale . . . Tulsa
Oct. 20—22 Art Show . . . Henryetta
Oct. 21 Frontier Days . . . Chouteau
Oct. 21 OSU vs. Baylor (football) . . . Stillwater
Oct. 21 SESC vs. NWSC (football-homecoming) . . . Durant
Oct. 21 SWSC vs. ECSC (football-homecoming) . . . Weatherford
Oct. 21 CSU vs. E. N. Mex. (football-homecoming) . . . Edmond
Oct. 22, 24 Violinist Mariam Fried with OKC Symphony . . . Okla. City
Oct. 23 Silver Anniv. Opening Philharmonic Concert . . . Tulsa
Oct. 24—29 Arabian Horse Show . . . Okla. City
Oct. 27 Phyllis Diller (Swinger Series) . . . Okla. City
Oct. 27—29 Arts and Crafts Festival . . . Heavener
Oct. 28 CSU vs. Panhandle (football) . . . Edmond
Oct. 28 Langston vs. SWSC (football) . . . Langston
Oct. 28 NWSC vs. NESC (football) . . . Alva
Oct. 28 SESC vs. Cameron (football) . . . Lawton
Oct. 28 Halloween Carnival . . . Granite
Oct. 28 OU vs. Kansas St. (football) . . . Norman
Oct. 28 Halloween Carnival . . . Cordell
Oct. 28 ORU vs. Ottawa (soccer) . . . Tulsa
Oct. 28 All Breed Dog Show . . . Lawton
Oct. 28 "Bread" (Rock Group) . . . Okla. City
Oct. 28—29 Rock and Mineral Show . . . Tulsa
Oct. 28—29 Four States Arts and Crafts Festival . . . Idabel
Oct. 28—29 Mobile Hobby Show . . . Okla. City
Oct. 28—30 Kiowa Veterans Day Celebration . . . Anadarko
Oct. 29 Fall Foliage Tour . . . Heavener

Oct. 29 OCU Concert Band . . . Okla City
Oct.30-Nov.3 Green Country Fine Arts Show . . . Tulsa
Oct.30-Nov.5 Canterbury Tales (OU) . . . Norman
Oct. 31 OCU Singers . . . Okla. City
Oct.31-Nov.1 The Ice Circus . . . Tulsa
Nov. 2—4 Carmen . . . Tulsa
Nov.2,4,7,10,11 "Funny Thing Happened . . ." (TU) . . . Tulsa
Nov. 3 Dog Show (Boomer Boxer Club) . . . Okla. City
Nov. 3—4 State Square Dance . . . Okla. City
Nov. 3—5 "Pleasure of His Company" (Jewel Box) . . . Okla. City
Nov. 3—5 South and West Literary Festival . . . Tulsa
Nov. 3—5 Indian Arts and Crafts Festival . . . Duncan
Nov. 3—5 Arts and Crafts Festival . . . Marietta
Nov. 4 All Breed Dog Show . . . Okla. City
Nov. 4 SESC vs. CSU (football) . . . Durant
Nov. 4 ECSC vs. Langston (football-homecoming) . . . Ada
Nov. 4 Dallas vs. N.Y. (ABA basketball) . . . Tulsa
Nov. 4 ORU vs. Hesston (soccer) . . . Tulsa
Nov. 4 Will Rogers Day Celebration . . . Claremore
Nov. 4 SWSC vs. NWSC (football) . . . Ada
Nov. 4 OSU vs. Kansas (football) . . . Stillwater
Nov. 4 Turkey Shoot and Pancake Day . . . Calumet
Nov. 5 Fall Foliage Tours . . . Heavener
Nov. 5 All Breed Dog Show . . . Tulsa
Nov. 8—25 "Rain" (Theatre Center) . . . Okla. City
Nov. 9 "Raisin in the Sun" (ORU) . . . Tulsa
Nov. 10—11 Arts and Crafts Fair . . . Newkirk
Nov. 10—11 Cheese Festival . . . Stillwell
Nov. 10—12 "Pleasure of His Company" (Jewel Box) . . . Okla. City
Nov.10-Dec.3 "Eskimo Art" Exhibit . . . Okla. City
Nov. 11 OU vs. Missouri (football) . . . Norman
Nov. 11 SESC vs. Panhandle (football) . . . Goodwell
Nov. 11 "Sweet Adelines" barbershop quartets . . . Okla. City
Nov. 11 Veterans Day Parade . . . Lawton
Nov. 11 NWSC vs. ECSC (football) . . . Alva
Nov. 11 Kiowa Victory Club Armistice Celebration . . . Carnegie
Nov. 11 Langston vs. Texas Southern (football) . . . Langston
Nov. 11 Veterans Day Celebration . . . Tahlequah
Nov. 11 Veterans Day Parade . . . Madill
Nov. 11 CSU vs. NESC (football) . . . Edmond
Nov. 11—12 Chrysanthemum Show . . . Okla. City
Nov. 13 Tulsa Philharmonic . . . Tulsa
Nov. 14 Will Rogers USA . . . Okla. City
Nov.14-Dec.10 Norman Rockwell Art Exhibit . . . Okla. City
Nov. 16 Statehood Day Observance . . . Okla. City
Nov. 16 Skitch Henderson, Guest Cond. OKC Symphony . . . Okla. City
Nov. 16—18 Invitational Basketball Tournament . . . Bethany
Nov. 17 "Ferrante and Teicher (piano duo) . . . Tulsa
Nov. 17 SESC vs. Ark Tech (basketball) . . . Durant
Nov. 17 Oklahoma Academy of Science (SWSC) . . . Weatherford
Nov. 17 "Deep Purple" (music group) . . . Tulsa
Nov. 17 Oilers vs. Dallas (hockey) . . . Okla. City
Nov. 17 Music Festival . . . Okla. City
Nov. 17—18 "Two by Two" (Broadway Theatre) . . . Tulsa
Nov. 17—19 Hobby Craft and Gift Show . . . Okla. City
Nov. 17—19 "Pleasure of His Company" (Jewel Box) . . . Okla. City
Nov. 17—19 Junior Charity Horse Show . . . Okla. City
Nov.17-Dec.2 "Dr. Cooks Garden" (Little Theatre) . . . Tulsa
Nov. 18 TU vs. Montana (football) . . . Tulsa
Nov. 18 Langston vs. NWSC . . . Langston
Nov. 18 ECSC vs. Cameron (football) . . . Ada
Nov. 18 "Ferrante & Teicher" (piano duo) . . . Okla. City
Nov. 18 SWSC vs. CSU (football) . . . Ada
Nov. 18—19 Osage Hills Gem and Mineral Show . . . Bartlesville
Nov. 20 SESC vs. Ouachita (basketball) . . . Durant
Nov. 21 Pianist John Browning & OKC Symphony . . . Okla. City
Nov. 21 So. Univ. vs. Langston (basketball) . . . Okla. City
Nov.23,25,30-Dec. 1—2 "House of Blue Leaves" (Living Arts) . . . Tulsa
Nov. 23—25 Oklahoma 4-H Club Congress . . . Okla. City

Nov. 24 Rod and Custom Show . . . Okla. City
Nov. 24—25 Basketball Tournament . . . Ada
Nov. 25 TU vs. N. Tex. St. (football) . . . Tulsa
Nov. 25 SESC vs. SWU-Tex. (basketball) . . . Durant
Nov. 25 OSU vs. Iowa St. (football) . . . Stillwater
Nov. 25 NWSC vs. SWC, Kansas (basketball) . . . Alva
Nov. 25 Wiley Post Day . . . Maysville
Nov.25-Dec.30 Christmas Planetarium Show . . . Okla. City
Nov. 27 "An American Song Book" (Philharmonic) . . . Tulsa
Nov. 27 SESC vs. E. Tex. Bapt. (basketball) . . . Durant
Nov. 27 NWSC vs. Sterling (basketball) . . . Alva
Nov. 28 Nazarene College vs. Phillips (basketball) . . . Bethany
Nov. 29 Pecan Show . . . Bixby
Nov. 30 Nazarene College vs. OBU (basketball) . . . Bethany
Dec. 1 Big Four Double Header (basketball) . . . Okla. City
Dec. 1 Choral Festival (CSU) . . . Edmond
Dec. 1 OCU vs. OSU (basketball) . . . Okla. City
Dec. 2 OCC vs. OBU (basketball) . . . Okla. City
Dec. 2 OU vs. OSU (football) . . . Norman
Dec. 2 OSU vs. Athletes in Action (wrestling) . . . Stillwater
Dec. 2 SWSC vs. E. New Mex. (basketball) . . . Weatherford
Dec. 2—3 Christmas Flower Show . . . Okla. City
Dec. 3, 5 OKC Symphony "Nutcracker" . . . Okla. City
Dec. 2—10 National Finals Rodeo . . . Okla. City
Dec. 2—23 Santa's Land Exhibition . . . Poteau
Dec. 3 Christmas Pageant . . . Waynoka
Dec. 3—31 Wire Sculpture Art Exhibit . . . Okla. City
Dec. 4 Langston vs. Bishop (basketball) . . . Okla. City
Dec. 5 SWSC vs. Evangel (basketball) . . . Weatherford
Dec. 5—9 State Poultry Show . . . Norman
Dec. 5—10 "House of Blue Leaves" (OU) . . . Norman
Dec. 6—23 "Much Ado About Nothing" (Theatre Center) . . . Okla. City
Dec. 7 Nazarene Coll. vs. John Brown U. (basketball) . . . Bethany
Dec. 8 CSU vs. Phillips U (basketball) . . . Edmond
Dec. 8 ECSC vs. OBU (basketball) . . . Ada
Dec. 8 SWSC vs. NWSC (basketball) . . . Weatherford
Dec. 8 Nazarene Coll. vs. E. Tex. Bapt. (basketball) . . . Okla. City
Dec. 8 NESC vs. Langston (basketball) . . . Tahlequah
Dec. 9 SWSC vs Panhandle (basketball) . . . Weatherford
Dec. 9 OSU vs. OU (wrestling) . . . Stillwater
Dec. 9 ECSC vs. Langston (basketball) . . . Ada
Dec. 9 Pet Parade and Christmas Celebration . . . Perry
Dec. 9 Benefit Operatic Concert . . . Tulsa
Dec. 10 Community Christmas Program . . . Elk City
Dec. 10 ORU Christmas Concert . . . Tulsa
Dec. 10 OCU Symphony Orchestra . . . Okla. City
Dec. 10 "Messiah" (OCU Singers) . . . Okla. City
Dec. 11 OCU Band Concert . . . Okla. City
Dec. 12 SESC vs. Cameron (basketball) . . . Durant
Dec. 12 "Mystery of Nativity" (Nazarene College) . . . Bethany
Dec. 12 Langston vs. NWSC (basketball) . . . Langston
Dec. 12 ECSC vs. CSU (basketball) . . . Ada
Dec. 12 NESC vs. SWSC (basketball) . . . Tahlequah
Dec. 12 OCU vs. SMU (basketball) . . . Okla. City
Dec. 13—17 World Wide Antique Show and Sale . . . Tulsa
Dec. 15 Pecan Show . . . Chandler
Dec. 15 NWSC vs. SESC (basketball) . . . Alva
Dec. 15 CSU vs. OBU (basketball) . . . Edmond
Dec. 15 SWSC vs. ECSC (basketball) . . . Weatherford
Dec. 16 OSU vs. Nebraska (wrestling) . . . Stillwater
Dec. 16 SESC vs. Phillips (basketball) . . . Enid
Dec. 16 NWSC vs. ECSC (basketball) . . . Tahlequah
Dec. 16 CSU vs. Langston (basketball) . . . Edmond
Dec. 16 OCU vs. TCU (basketball) . . . Okla. City
Dec. 16—17 Nutcracker (ballet) . . . Tulsa
Dec. 17—24 Singing Christmas Tree . . . Antlers
Dec. 18 OCU vs. Calif. U. (basketball) . . . Okla. City
Dec. 18 ECSC vs. Drury (basketball) . . . Ada
Dec. 19 Community Carrolling . . . Poteau
Dec. 20 SESC vs. Howard Payne (basketball) . . . Durant
Dec. 27—30 All College Tournament (basketball) . . . Okla. City

Calendar of events



This seven-foot-high granite marker is the eighth in a series of monuments being jointly erected by the Okla. Historical Society and the Okla. Petroleum Council. It recognizes a branch of the oil industry, long almost forgotten, which the energy crisis and the surge of the petrochemical industry has brought into prominence. Liquid propane, isobutane, normal butane, and ethane for the production of ethylene, are among the contributions of the gas-processing industry.

OKLAHOMA SCRAPBOOK

TEN YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

Our Autumn Jewels, Dean Burch's colorful portraits of Oklahoma's autumn fruits, seeds, and berries are one of the exciting treasures of our 10-year-ago issue. Another is Charles Banks Wilson's superlative portrait of Will Rogers.

The Autumn '62 issue preserves for posterity Will's last newspaper column. He was writing this column when the plane crashed in Alaska, and so the column remained unfinished and unpublished. Strikingly, "death" is the last word in the unfinished column.

Maggie Culver Fry's article *Five Day Picnic* is a charmer, a narrative of an Oklahoma gay nineties celebration with band concert, balloon ascension, "bevies of girls in white middy blouses and skirts with hair ribbons perched on their heads like tropical butterflies." It was all "a cross-section of young Oklahoma, of a young America, outgoing and full of joy."

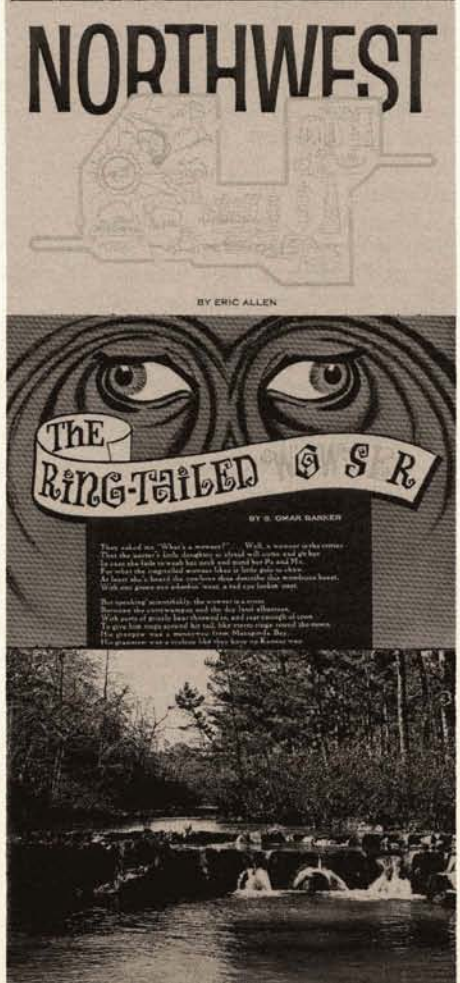
The issue takes you on a tour of Oklahoma Northwest, and celebrates the birthdays of Ardmore, Drumright, Midwest City, and Sand Springs. There are two pages of Troy Gordon's really priceless, and really funny, humor. A few copies of this collector's item issue are still available for $1.50, from Oklahoma Today, Will Rogers, Mem. Bldg., Oklahoma City 73105.

Eighteen of Willard Stone's gracefully beautiful, emotionally expressive sculptures are pictured in it, with

SCRAPBOOK

an article about this internationally honored Oklahoma artist.

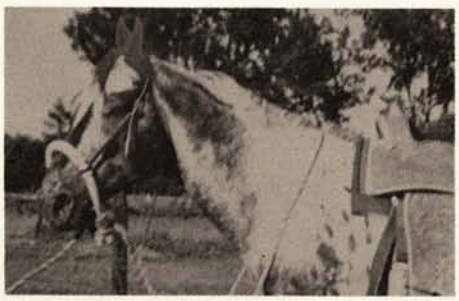
The autumn scenics, by Rubye McCan and Jesse Brewer, are eminently frameable, and so is S. Omar Barker's incredible poem *The Ring-Tailed Wowser*.



THREE OKLAHOMA HORSES WON THE TOP HONORS THIS YEAR AT THE 1972 NATIONAL APPALOOSA HORSE SHOW, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Trusty's Calida won the National Grand Champion Stallion honors. Ten time Regional State Champion of three different states Oklahoma, Kansas, and Missouri, he was the Grand Champion Stallion at the Denver National Livestock Show in January '71. His owners are George and Martha Hood of Welch.

On Top "N" won the trophy for National Reserve Champion Gelding. Previous honors for this fine horse include winning his class as a 3-year-old, Grand Champion Gelding as a 5-year-old, and again as a 6-year-old. His owner is R. Dee Cole of Skiatook.



Miss Diamond Charge won the trophy for National Grand Champion Mare. Among her many other honors, she also holds the World Record for 400 yards, 20.5 sec., and is shown here setting that record. She is owned by Paul Nunn of Oklahoma City.

NEW BOOKS

CONVERSATIONS WITH FRANK WATERS, edited by John R. Milton, Swallow Press, Inc., Chicago, $4.00. "I think we white people," Frank Waters said, "We Anglo-Saxon white people, are not yet wholly attuned as these indigenous Indians are, to their mother earth."

Here, perhaps, is the well-spring of today's entire ecological movement. As we of European antecedents become more attuned to the mother earth of this North American continent, we find ourselves moving into the mainstream of environmental thought which governed the lives of the Indian people who were here before us.

As Frank Waters said, "I think we are learning. In our few generations here we Americans are being changed. We are no longer wholly white Europeans. We are already taking on certain qualities of the land itself."

SCISSORS SAM SAYS BE SHARP by Sam Long, Scrimshaw Press, 149 Ninth Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94103, $1.50. Ever try to sharpen a pair of scissors? Many a do-it-yourself husband has, and failed, and wondered why a passing tramp could accomplish what he could not. Here's how, written by one of those very tramps who used to ply the trade on the residence streets of every American town and village. It is a slender paperback, tells how to sharpen almost everything, with an additional bonus of savory homespun philosophy, all for an autumn evening's reading.

I HAVE SPOKEN compiled by Virginia Irving Armstrong, The Swallow Press, Chicago, Illinois, $6.00. Modern critics who vocalize their low opinion of college education have antecedents. In 1774 the Virginia legislature offered to send six Iroquois youths to college. Canassatego, a chief of the Iroquois, spoke for his people, "Several of our young people were formerly brought up in the Colleges of the Northern Provinces. When they came back to us, they were bad Runners, ignorant of every means of living in the Woods, unable to bear either Cold or Hunger, knew neither how to build a Cabin, take a deer, or kill an enemy, spoke our language imperfectly, were therefore neither fit for Hunters, Warriors, nor Counselors, they were totally good for nothing."

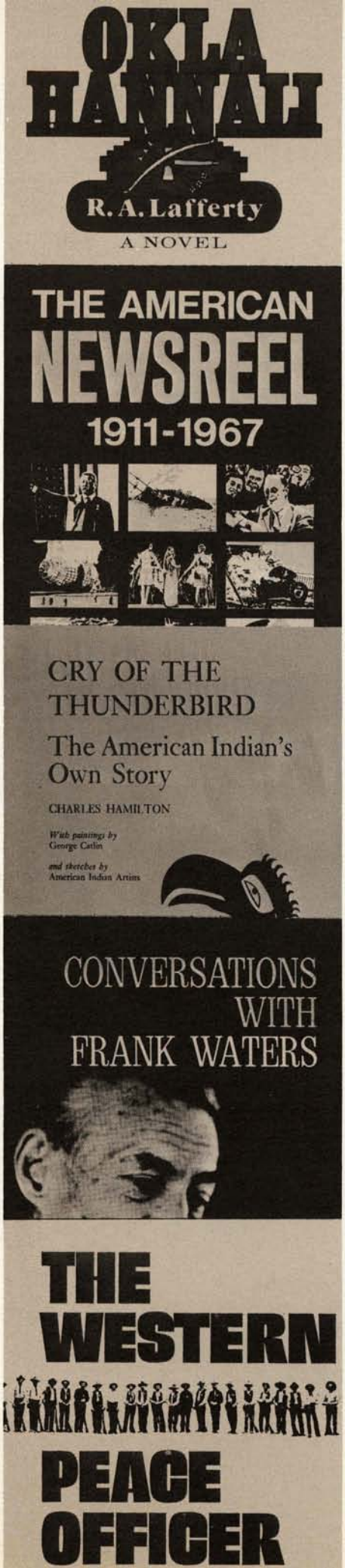
continued

Oklahoma is Indian country. But there are pale faces here who never heard, nor read, an Indian expressed opinion. Would that they might read this book. These Indian authored opinions are usually reasonable, often wise and perceptive, and sometimes emotionally overwhelming.

THE WESTERN PEACE OFFICER by Frank Richard Prassel, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $8.95. Here they are, the bold and the brave, flamboyant or unobtrusive, the grim or of pleasant demeanor, the cruel, the kindly, the men who for self-satisfaction or for public-spirited purposes sought to control other men. Frank Prassel concludes that our celebrated western lawmen failed, that in a century of trying they did not bring "law and order" to the American West, which today is more violent and lawless than it was when it was brand new. A remarkable conclusion when one considers that the huge eastern cities are far more crime ridden than are ours here in the Southwest. How would we go about securing a peaceful, crime-free society?

OKLA HANNALI by R. A. Lafferty, Doubleday & Co., New York, $5.95. Instinct tells us that this novel is true to the spirit, and mostly true to the history, of the Choctaw people. It is an exciting book. Like Charles Portis' *True Grit,* and Thomas Berger's *Little Big Horn,* it breathes the spirit of life, sad, grand, crude, funny, cruel, sweet, beautiful, life, into a time gone beyond recapture, except through the narrative wizardry of an author like Lafferty.

PLURAL SOCIETY IN THE SOUTHWEST edited by Edward Spicer and Raymond Thompson, Arkville Press, New York, $5.95. While we think of America as a "melting pot," the racial cultures of the American Southwest still stand separate from each other. We live together as neighbors, with occassional abrading conflict, each group maintaining its integrity. Several authors collected here discuss the interaction between groups, with special attention to a few. We are standing some distance from the day when these racial strains, Anglo, Indian, African, Spanish, will have been blended together in the "melting pot." Some think that day will never come. Let us inform ourselves about each other, strive to comprehend heritage, stop trying to oppress, and proceed beyond



mere tolerance. It is not enough for racial groups to do no more than tolerate each other.

BASILISK

Out of the dead, brown hair of
yesterday's grass,
I combed the leaves; impaled them on
a prong,
Gone was the stir of June that
shimmered, once . . .
The maple's song.

Out of the drab, brown hair of
yesterday's days,
I combed a thing . . . it quivered
with a sigh,
Deaf . . . with a hand of flint, I
fed the pyre . . .
To watch it die.

I saw the green husk burn with
sputtered crack . . .
The whimper gnawed and burned
me, like a flame,
I rake today's old ashes . . .
there alive . . .
It is the same!

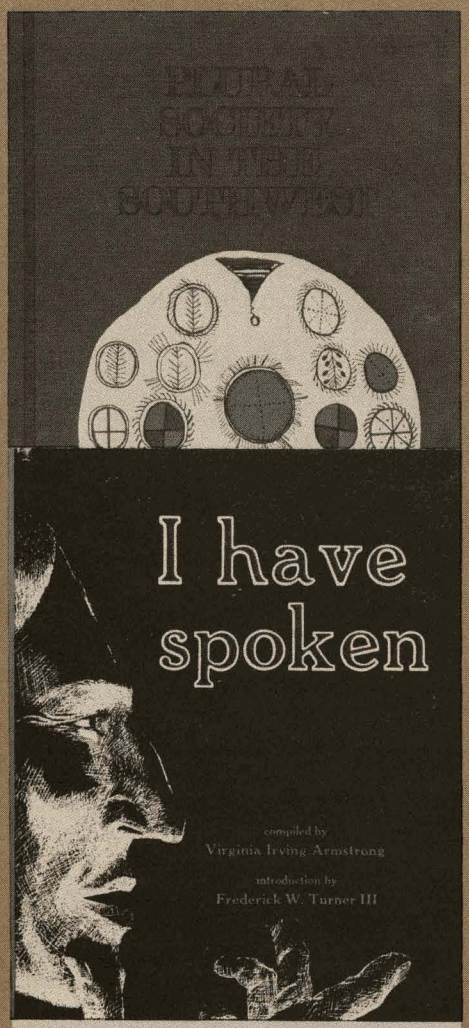
. . . Maggie Culver Fry

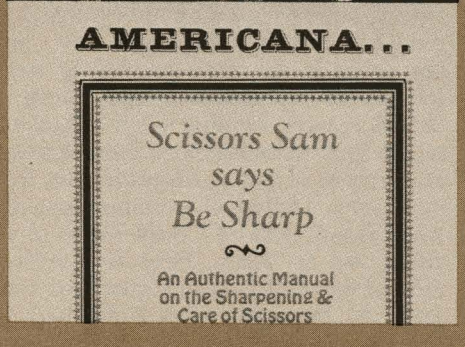
THE AMERICAN NEWSREEL 1911-1967, by Raymond Fielding, University of Oklahoma Press, $9.95. Newsreels, so recently a prominent player of our age, have with many another maker of enjoyable moments, slipped quietly into the past. Hardly noticed in their gradual demise, we now miss them, which makes this book a monument to their lively times, and welcome. No one was ever kept current with the news by newsreels, as we are by the thorough visual coverage of today's daily TV newscasts, but the newsreels' dramatic highlighting of world events was educational and broadening, and enriched our lives.

CRY OF THE THUNDERBIRD: The American Indian's Own Story, commentary by Charles Hamilton, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $7.95. North American civilization is actively seeking answers to the modern predicament, and we are searching in an area previously neglected. An expression of this search is the increasing number of publications which put in permanent form known statements of our predecessors on this continent. Indian civilizations can be understood, and the only route is to read, and to listen. Here is a collection of original Indian statements that need to be read. First published in

scrapBOOK

1950, this book has been out-of-print for years. This new edition is Volume 119 in the Civilization of the American Indian Series. Reading it results in an interesting conflict of spirit: depression vs. inspiration: depression from the grim facts it reveals vs. inspiration from the eloquence of these Indian narrators and philosophers.





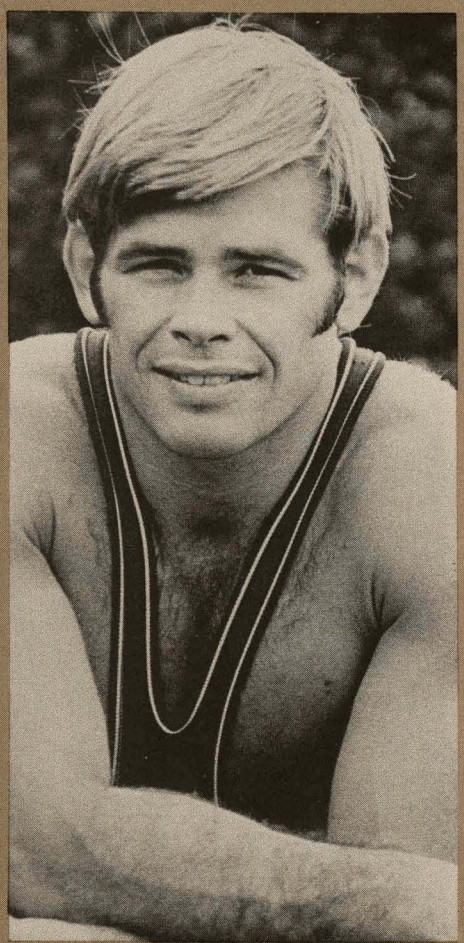
Amnesia Musing

As yesterday is not today—
And day-before is far away—
There never was a week ago—
So this must be my first birthday.

Now old friends have become quite new.
Today I saw my first sunrise—
Nodding daisies and waving wheat—
Strawberries red! What a surprise!

Couples strolling in nearby park—
A boy, a girl . . . they walk so slow . . .
Only today, no tomorrow—
Suppose some day I'll have a beau?

The Oklahoma Peddler-'72



OLYMPIC GOLD MEDAL WINNER

Wayne Wells, 165 pound wrestling champion in the 1972 Olympics. A Law School Graduate of the University of Oklahoma, he posted a 69-4-2 (.933) record with 28 falls in his three years of collegiate grappling. Wells graduated from U.S. Grant High School in Oklahoma City.

TWO CHURCHES

Here, and on page 31, are two distinctive, unusual Oklahoma churches.

This is the Russian Orthodox Church at Hartshorne . . . the only Russian Orthodox Church between the Mississippi and the Pacific. Andrew Kurilko, who cares for the church, states that it is opened for services whenever a priest comes to say mass, especially for weddings, and for funerals. Only one small seminary in Florida remains in America to train priests of the Russian Orthodox faith.

Hartshorne is a community where many ethnic and racial groups have come together. Superintendent R. T. Taylor, of the Hartshorne Public Schools, in teaching Problems of American Democracy some years ago, interested his class in a special project.

Since one of the major problems of democracy is the necessity for people of divergent backgrounds to work and to get along together, Supt. Taylor's class set out to discover how many ethnic and racial groups live in Hartshorne.

Identification was based on both racial and/or language groupings. To qualify as a language group, the language of the old country still had to be understood, and at least occasionally spoken, in the home.

The class identified twenty-four racial and language groups living and working together in Hartshorne, including six Indian tribes and a broad cross section of the nationalities of the world. Few communities, outside the vast melting pot cities of the east, can equal such a record.

Hartshorne is a cosmopolitan community, living proof that this problem of American Democracy can be solved. People of widely various heritages can live and work together, in harmony, and for the progress of all.

SCRAPBOOK

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONS

Oklahoma City's **Cry-slurs**, from N.W. Classen H.S., are experienced international travelers and inspiring national envoys. They consistently excel even their own highest records. This summer they won first place, and the only superior rating given, at the International Youth Music Festival, Graz, Austria.

Singing a concert in four languages, German, Spanish, French, and English, they inspired even the competition judges to a standing ovation for their excellence.

Through their own work they raised the $35,000 necessary for the trip. We'll let the expressions of the judges themselves comment on the pinnacle of success attained by these singers and their conductor, John Platt.

ADDITIONAL COMMENTS Ein grund musikalischer Chorleiter, der weiß, was er will und seine Vorstellungen zu realisieren weiß

Signature of Adjudicator

ADDITIONAL COMMENTS

You are superb! What a blessing for these young people to have you to lead them. And how good to have them represent America (and Oklahoma) here in musical Austria! Congratulations, all! You are inspiring.

Lara Hoggard

ADDITIONAL COMMENTS Ein hervorragender Chorleiter! Die Leistung des Chores ist beispielhaft.

Signature of Adjudicator

TWO CHURCHES

Mathias Splitlog came to the Oklahoma country of the Wyandottes and Senecas in 1870. Known as the "Millionaire Indian," he brought a fortune he had earned from land holdings in Kansas City.

Settling near a large spring, near the beautiful Grand River, he named the area "Cayuga" after the ancestral eastern home of his Wyandotte people. He was mechanically inclined and intended that this become an industrial center. He constructed a sawmill, a gristmill, and erected a store and mercantile center.

Little now remains of all this. Only the church he built has been reconstructed. Originally a Catholic mission, built as a memorial after the untimely death of his wife, this beautiful church is sometimes used as a worship center by summer travelers in the Grand Lake area.

For a complete telling of the Splitlog story, see *Chief Splitlog and The Cayuga Mission Church* by Velma Nieberding, Vol. 32, page 18, *The Chronicles of Oklahoma*, pub. by the Oklahoma Historical Society.

THE VERSATILE YUCCA

CANDLES OF THE LORD

Pioneers called the yucca "bear grass" or "soap weed". *Yucca glauca* is the botanical name for our variety that grows most profusely in Oklahoma. Mexicans call the plants "Candles of the Lord" and I love to think of them as such because of their bright beauty.

When warm winds of May pattern the prairies and meadows with wild flowers, yucca plants adorn the shoulders of roads and claim any foothold that they can gain in grass pastures. For persons who know how to utilize the plants, they merit any space they claim.

The yucca that we term "bear grass" belongs to the lily family. That it is kin to the onion is evident from the scent of its blossoms which adorn a caudex that springs from lance-like spikes that have a sturdy root in the ground.

Mexican and Indian mothers cut these stalks of abundant blossoms for food. The petals are plucked separately from the bloom, soaked in brine, rinsed, and cooked in batter, much as we sometimes cook eggplant.

Cactus candy made with yucca flavoring is delicious. Shoes are made from spike fibers and so are ropes, mats, baskets, and rugs. Pioneers used the plant as soap or detergent, hence the name "soap weed."

The yucca, like other plants with large white blossoms, depends upon night-flying insects such as the Pronuba moth. The Pronuba female shows every evidence of knowing what she is about. She gathers pollen from a blossom, rolls it into a ball, flies to another plant and pats the pasty ball onto the stigma. She lays her eggs in the ball. Some of the developing ovules are eaten by the caterpillars, but enough remain to mature seeds.

Whether one appreciates the yucca for its many uses or its beauty we realize that it is one of our plants that should be protected against extinction.

BY MARY NEELY CAPPS

SHOWMEN'S REST

BY FLOREINE S. DAVIS

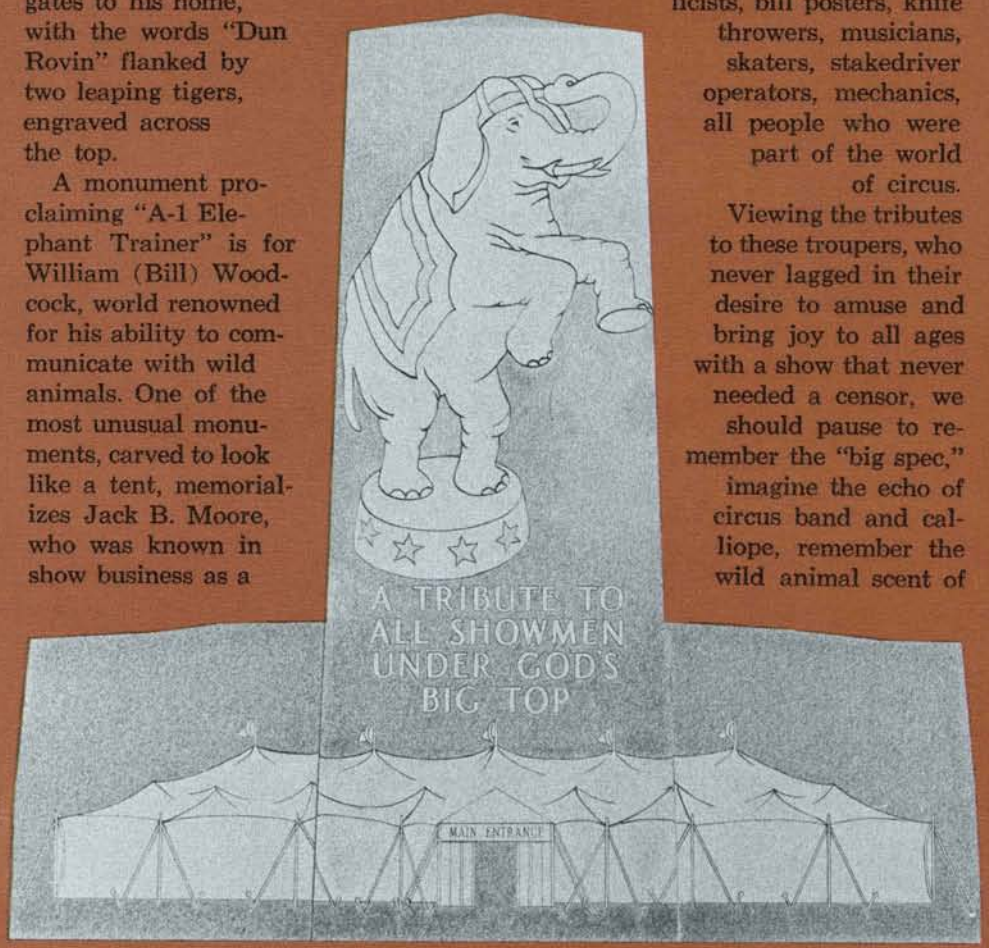
A towering granite shaft, engraved with a circus elephant, sets apart for circus people a portion of the quiet cemetery in Hugo. The famed Al G. Kelly & Miller Brothers Circus, now a part of the Carson-Barnes Circus, and several other shows winter in Hugo. Circus personnel own homes there, enjoying Hugo's moderate climate and friendly atmosphere, relaxing from the turmoil of life on tour, keeping busy on new acts, polishing old ones, making and mending costumes, all the chores of the winter quarters season.

Obert Miller's cemetery monument depicts the original truck show with which he first started in show business. Kelly Miller's monument is a reproduction of the rock entrance gates to his home, with the words "Dun Rovin" flanked by two leaping tigers, engraved across the top.

A monument proclaiming "A-1 Elephant Trainer" is for William (Bill) Woodcock, world renowned for his ability to communicate with wild animals. One of the most unusual monuments, carved to look like a tent, memorializes Jack B. Moore, who was known in show business as a "tent man." Beneath the name of James O'Donnell on his stone are the words "Acrobat and Clown."

All-around circus man Ross McKay and his son, Linton, are buried here. They were known for their acrobatics and other circus feats. The gravestone of Lige Hammock, rodeo performer and bulldogger, incorporates a scene of him bulldogging a steer. A hippopotamus is carved on the stone of John Narfski. A much beloved oldtimer, "Dutch" Narfski came to this country in 1902 with the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus. He spent his last years as trainer for Kelly-Miller's huge performing hippopotamus. Other epitaphs commemorate advance publicists, bill posters, knife throwers, musicians, skaters, stakedriver operators, mechanics, all people who were part of the world of circus.

Viewing the tributes to these troupers, who never lagged in their desire to amuse and bring joy to all ages with a show that never needed a censor, we should pause to remember the "big spec," imagine the echo of circus band and calliope, remember the wild animal scent of



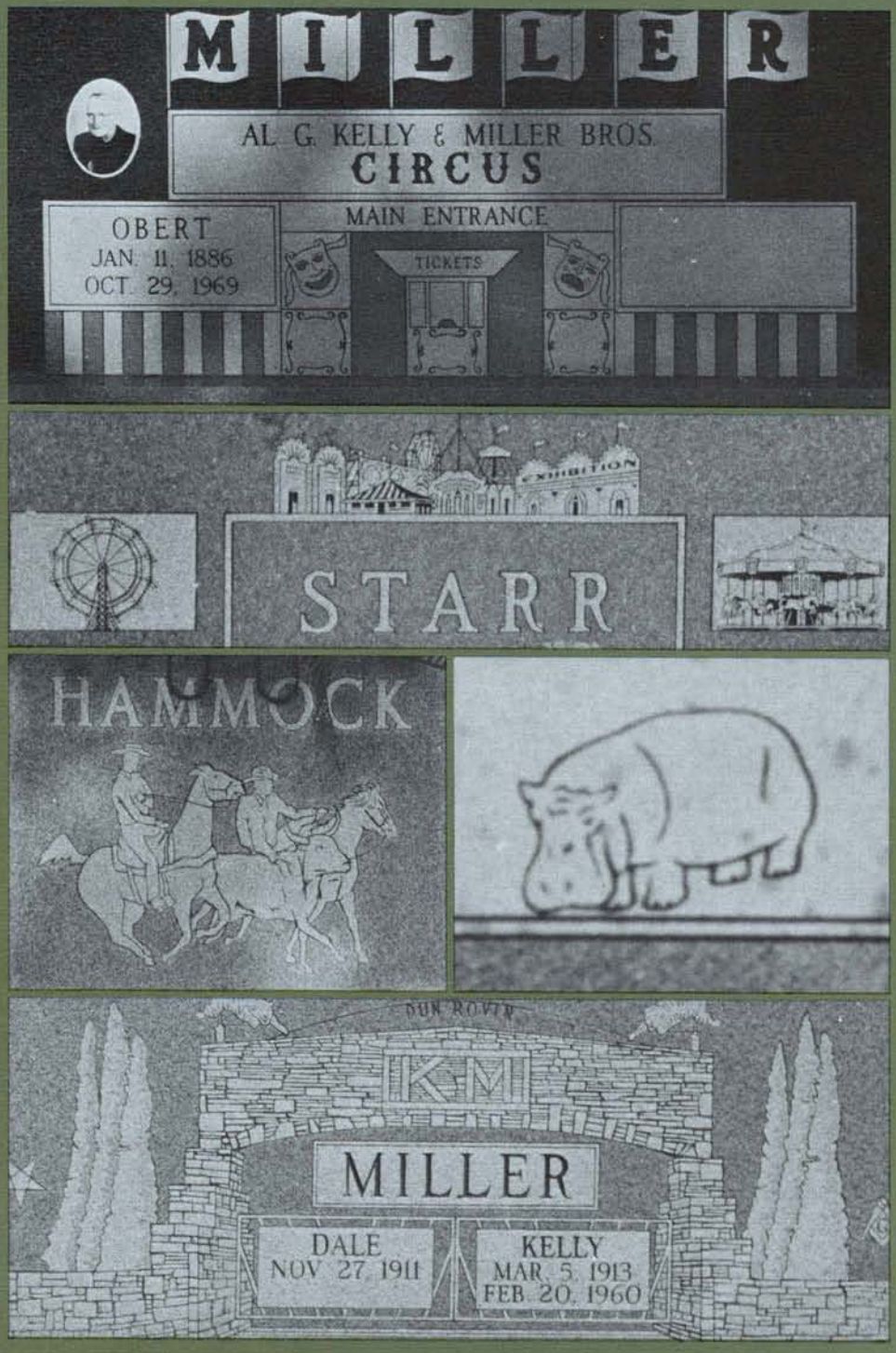
ACCOMPANIMENT

Yellow, gold, and yellow—yet hidden in the mist
A grieving sun. Tears dispersed,
And grieving heart concealed. Immersed
Now summer, lost in equinoctial dying.
And loving lost, unseasonably, crying.

BB

SHOWMEN'S REST

the sawdust floored tent, and recall the words of the great Herb Walters, who spent half-a-century in circus show business and who is now buried here, "We never say goodbye, but only 'Auld Lang Syne' ".



I

WILD FLOWERS IN AUTUMN

Oklahoma has a profusion of wild flowers. They are seasonal; spring produces its variety, many of which give way to different varieties as summer progresses. These in turn fade as autumn produces yet different varieties, which hold forth even through first frost, often into the earliest snow of winter. Botanists who spend their lives in the study of wild plants and flowers tell us the variety is such that a lifetime is not enough to collect and identify all the wild plants in a single area, let alone throughout the state. Our Spring '60 **Oklahoma Today** included identified pictures of many varieties, and a fine article on wild flowers written by a lifetime botanist, Dean Burch, of Tulsa. Her article indicates the problematic frustrations intrinsic in the challenge of collecting, photographing, and identifying, even in a single profusion of wild flowers of autumn like this, in a gypsum formation that nourishes them in Roman Nose State Park.

SCRAPBOOK

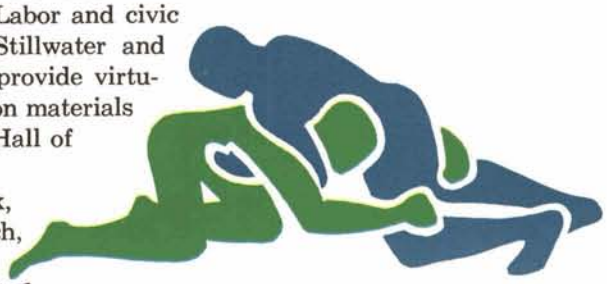
NATIONAL WRESTLING HALL OF FAME: STILLWATER

Oklahoma has dominated wrestling during the forty-five years it has been a national intercollegiate sport. We have more than twice the number of individual national champions and national team championships of all the rest of the states put together. For years Oklahoma State, then Oklahoma A. & M., coached by Ed Gallagher, allowed other colleges and universities only an occasional individual trophy. Of the 31 national titles offered in the years immediately following 1928, Oklahoma A. & M. won 21 national championships; O.U. won five; Iowa State, Cornell, Indiana, Iowa Teachers, and Penn State won one each; thus Oklahoma brought home 26 of a possible 31 national championships in those years.

U.S. House Speaker Carl Albert, himself a former member of the O.U. wrestling team, refers to Stillwater as "the wrestling capitol of the nation." Governor David Hall states, "The natural setting for a Wrestling Hall of Fame is this state of wrestling champions."

It seems a natural result that the National Wrestling Hall of Fame will be built in Stillwater—but only as the result of much planning, effort, and work on the part of many Oklahomans. It will be located near Oklahoma State University's Gallagher Hall.

The Oklahoma Committee's convincing presentation, to the United States Wrestling Federation at its meeting in Chicago this summer, included an offer of land on which to build the Hall of Fame, and also offerred to provide the architecture and landscaping. Labor and civic organizations in Stillwater and Oklahoma are to provide virtually all construction materials and labor for the Hall of Fame



Myron Roderick, former O.S.U. coach, is now executive director of the United States Wrestling Federation, which will have its national headquarters offices in the new National Wrestling Hall of Fame when it is completed in Stillwater.

II

Here is a snowstorm, left over from the previous winter, which intruded in what we rightfully thought the latter part of last autumn. Usually these "left-over" snows expend themselves in early spring, in late March. We include this snowy scene from the Central State University, Edmond, campus to point out that, as unpredictable as our Oklahoma weather can be, it most often contains aspects of beauty, if we will only pause, take time, and enjoy them.

Our favorite comment on Oklahoma winter was written by Angie Debo, in her book, **Oklahoma: Footloose and Fancy Free** (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman):

"Properly speaking, there is no winter; the period is filled with weather left over from the other seasons—spring days alternating with autumn days, an occasional summer day, and once in a great while a howling blizzard. But all the seasons are likely to be jumbled—snow in May, hot winds in March, spring showers in November . . ."

OKLAHOMA TODAY

HONORABLE DAVID HALL
GOVERNOR

HONORABLE GEORGE NIGH
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

VOLUME 22 NUMBER 4 AUTUMN 1972

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CIRCULATION AND PROMOTION

IT IS THE PURPOSE OF OKLAHOMA TODAY TO DEVOTE ITSELF TO THE ENTIRE STATE OF OKLAHOMA AND ITS EVERY POSITIVE ASPECT; ITS SCENERY; CULTURAL, RECREATIONAL, AND VISITOR ATTRACTING EVENTS; ITS INDUSTRY; NATURAL AND MAN-MADE WONDERS; ITS ACHIEVEMENTS; ITS HERITAGE; ITS PRESENT; AND ITS FUTURE.

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MEMBER
Oklahoma Press Association
All I know is what I read in the papers—Will Rogers

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